

# The D E V I L pursued:

O R,

The right Saddle laid upon the right Mare.

A

# S A T Y R

U P O N

## Madam Celliers standing in the Pillory,

Being Convicted for the Publishing of a late Lying Scandalous Pamphlet, called *Malice Defeated*, &c.

By a Person of Q U A L I T Y.

**A** Las, what has this poor Animal done,  
That she stands thus before the rising Sun,  
In all the heats of Infamy and Disgrace,  
The sure Remarks of a bold Brazen-face?  
Truly for no great hurt, nor for much harm;  
Only inventing to spill Royal Blood, to keep it warm;  
Fire Cities, Burn Houses, and devast Nations;  
Ruine us in all our several Stations.  
But who would think it from the Woman fine,  
A thing whom Nature itself has made Divine,  
That she should act such horrid barbarous things,  
As to design to stab Statesmen, and to Murder KINGS?  
But here she still appears for her ill acts,  
Like second storms after Thunder-claps.  
Philosophers tell us, *the best things corrupted are the worst*,  
And from their own fine species are ever curst.  
When once we take to Ill and Vices Road,  
We then paint out our selves much like the Toad;  
Since Vice not only horrid is from the being of Nature,  
But also from the thing itself, and from its own feature.  
Who makes us look at once, and that several ways,  
Like Squinting people, from their false Optick Rays.  
This teaches us therefore how a strange a thing is Religion,  
That makes one a Vulture, the other a Raven, and the other a  
To be so very false, in the instructing those (Widgeon;  
To commit such horrid acts, and with them close:  
As what is opened and presented here,  
By a Popish Midwife, called Madam Cellier.  
Go to therefore, all ye Papists and Men of the Red Letter,  
Would you but seriously consider of it, you would do much better  
Than Plot such secret villanies against the State,  
The direful operations of your ungodly hate,  
As wilfully to destroy your fellow-Creatures all,  
And butcher them to their Eternal Funeral.  
But, Lord, what can these Souls plead before thee,  
When they so wilfully flie to their own misery?  
Surely they are from their Father the Devil,  
The great Oglio, and Composition of all Evil;  
Who delights only in the ruine and destruction of Souls,  
A Drunkards do in their enchanted golden Boulds:  
Since in one part of Hell Treason is bred and fed,  
And in the other Drunkenness is in triumph led;  
While in the East-corner Stabbing and Murder leers,  
At which the Devil himself he sports and jeers,  
To see his dreadful business and his work go on,  
And Men and Women brought to destruction  
By his fair Apples, through his intices lie,  
By his false charms by his damned Divinity;

Who never rests till he his Work has done,  
And brought his Children to his Kingdome:  
Since from his fall he only deals in falls,  
As the Pot-Companion runs against the Walls.  
Therefore as we would escape Infamy and punishment here,  
We must by Vertues Looking-glass see most clear;  
Since 'tis she only, and that she alone,  
That must conduct us to our eternal peaceful home,  
To the Heaven of joys, to that bliss above,  
Where all are stroaked by the Pigeon and the Dove,  
To wit, by Angels, by good Men, and all Sages,  
To future times, and to succeeding Ages;  
While the wicked shall for ever undergo,  
In Hells deep pit everlasting sorrow,  
As a just reward for Treason, Murder, and Blood,  
Things that will be there most understood:  
While the Saint and Bravo lives in glory and pleasure here,  
As the glorious Sun lies coaching in the Air:  
In short, they that like this, I would advise them still  
To act, proceed, and go forward in ill;  
Since Prisons, the Gallows, and Scotch Closures rare,  
Always provided for Malefactors are.  
Poor Cellier! you had better brought to bed  
Any thing, than to have a Plot in Triumph led,  
And thus to be received into the worlds charms,  
By Dirt and Stones, and other warlike Arms.  
As in a Sea-storm, one Prays, and the other Swears,  
And all against the furious Ocean tears:  
So you while thus you treated are,  
Still you must Dine and Sup with the same fare,  
Until the Law be satisfied, which will be at Noon,  
And then you may go see the Pope of Rome;  
Shew him the Instruments by which you pelted were;  
Tell him, there was for you no better fare:  
Though you desired a Cessation from Trouble,  
Yet it was denied, because you were a bubble.  
Therefore these Stones and Dirt ought to be Relicks high,  
And Registred in the present Popes Divinity,  
Until he comes to shew us what he will do,  
To bring all out-lying Deer to sorrow,  
While the English Hunt-men like bid him be quiet,  
Or else they'll soon prepare him most wholesome Diet:  
Since England still, has always hated Rome,  
And every wise man still resolves for home.

F I N I S.